GAY GO UP

ROSE FYLEMAN

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GAY GO UP

BOOKS BY

ROSE FYLEMAN

Verse

THE KATY KRUSE DOLLY BOOK
FAIRIES AND FRIENDS
THE ROSE FYLEMAN FAIRY BOOK
FAIRIES AND CHIMNEYS
THE FAIRY GREEN
THE FAIRY FLUTE
GAY GO UP

Tales

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS BOOK
LETTY
THE RAINBOW CAT
FORTY GOOD-MORNING TALES
FORTY GOOD-NIGHT TALES
A PRINCESS COMES TO OUR TOWN
TEA TIME TALES

Plays

EIGHT LITTLE PLAYS
FOR CHILDREN

993g

GAY GO UP

BY

ROSE FYLEMAN

Gay go up and gay go down
That is the way to London Town.

—OLD RHYME

ILLUSTRATED BY DECIE MERWIN

Junior Books

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FIRST EDITION

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NOTE

MANY *of these poems have already appeared in* Punch. *Miss Fyleman thanks the proprietors and editor of that paper for their courtesy in allowing her to reprint them here.*

JESSICA IN LONDON

REGENT'S PARK

What makes the ducks in the pond, I wonder,
Go suddenly under?

Down they go in the neatest way;
You'd be surprised at the time they stay.
You stand on the bank and you wait and stare,
Trying to think what they do down there;
And, just as you're feeling anxious, then
Suddenly up they come again,
Ever so far from where you guessed,
Dry and tidy and self-possessed.

What is it makes the ducks, I wonder,
Go suddenly under?

PIRATE BUSES

A Pirate Bus must surely be
A most exciting thing to see,
With pirates clinging to the sides
And snatching people up for rides.

I don't suppose they really look
Like Pirates in a story book,
Nor ever dare to carry guns—
Not even very little ones.
But still they must be fierce and bold,
With dangly earrings made of gold,
And coloured shirts and stripy caps,
And pistols in their belts, perhaps.

I do so wish that we could meet
A Pirate Bus in Baker Street,
Or dashing through the Park, you know,
Where buses aren't allowed to go,
While brave policemen rushed about
And did their best to chase it out.
For Joan and I have never met
With *any* kind of Pirate yet;
And don't you think it's hard on us
Never to meet a Pirate Bus?

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Piccadilly Circus,
As soon as it is dark,
Is better than the Underground,
Better than the Park;
Full of coloured pictures
All made up of light,
Changing every minute,
Moving all the night.

Like a bit of Fairyland,
Brighter than the day,
Nobody who saw it
Would want to go away.
London's full of lovely things,
But don't you think you'd call
Piccadilly Circus
The very best of all?

IN ESSEX COURT

In Essex Court, in Essex Court, oh, have you ever
seen
The little tiny house there is with a doorway painted
green?
And standing in the window or on the shelves behind
The darling little powdered wigs, each one a
different kind?

All the other houses are very tall and stiff;
Their looks are rather haughty; you almost hear
them sniff;
There's a plane tree in the middle, and you see them
through the twigs
All staring with their windows at the little house of
wigs.

There's a gentleman inside it—I saw him through
the door—
And lots of little pictures, and a staircase in the
floor.
I'd love to be a wig maker, with long wigs and with
short,
And sit inside the tiny house and live in Essex
Court.

VENTILATING LAW WIG AND ROBE M

TEMPLE BAR

London's full of statues—
  Some of them are kings,
And some of them are gentlemen
  Who just did clever things;
And some of them have horses,
  Some only sit or stand,
And some are rather queerly dressed,
  And some are very grand.

But what, oh, what did the dragon do
That he was given a statue too?

His wings are long and pointed,
  He's got a lot of scales,
He's very like St. George's
  And those in fairy tales;
He looks a little haughty,
  His tail is in the air;
But nobody can tell me
  The reason he is there.

Though dragons in the stories
  Were as bad as they could be
And people had to kill them
  To set Princesses free,
I'm sure he was a good one,
  But they haven't put his name,
And not a word about him,
  And I think it is a shame.

And I wish so much, so much that I knew
What the dragon did really do.

IN KEW GARDENS

Some of the trees and the flowers in Kew
Have names written up for me and for you,
Because they have come from ever so far—
But everyone knows what the bluebells are.

I like to look at the flowers and the trees
That people have brought from over the seas,
From North and from South, from East and from
West—
Oh, but I love the bluebells best!

THE VERY BIG HOUSE

There's a very big house
  That stands in Park Lane,
The bottom part's trimmed,
  But the top part is plain.
The bottom part's white
  And the top part is pink. . . .
It's not very pretty
  To look at, I think.

HAMPSTEAD

London is a big town,
It makes a lot of noise;
Many people live there,
Many girls and boys;
The streets are full of taxis
And buses—red and blue,
But I live in Hampstead,
And squirrels live there too.

London is a big town
With pretty chimes that ring,
And in the very middle
A palace for the King;
And a very splendid river
With bridges strong and wide
To let the crowds of people
Cross to the other side.

London is a big town,
As busy as can be,
With pictures on the hoardings
For everyone to see;
And shining rows of shops too
With jolly things to sell;
But squirrels live in Hampstead,
And I live there as well.

POSTERS

Big and little, low and high,
  More than I can tell;
In the streets where I pass by,
  Underground as well;
Almost everywhere I go,
Posters in a coloured row.

Pretty ladies, funny men,
  Very foreign lands,
Windy moor and fairy glen,
  Children on the sands—
Like a painted picture book
All spread out for me to look.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

Nelson's on a column—
  Such a high, high place
That only birds that fly there
Or airmen who go by there
  Could ever see his face.

The lions at the bottom,
  They guard him night and day;
Their manes are fine and frilly,
But it does seem rather silly
  That they're so far away.

If ever he should need them
  They wouldn't be much good;
They're kind and wise and solemn,
But they'd never climb that column—
  I don't see how they *could*.

ROYALTY

In London you may really see
  Princes and princesses
Wearing, just like you or me,
  Ordinary dresses;
Driving in the Park or street
  (A baby one with nurses)
Or even walking on their feet
  And shopping with their purses.

But how I wish they'd wear a crown
  And a jewelled order,
Or a lovely velvet gown
  With an ermine border
Which a little page might hold,
  When it's muddy weather,
In a cap of green and gold
  With a curling feather!

RICHARD HAS SOMETHING TO SAY

Jessica's my sister,
  A very nice kid;
She's mostly pretty quiet
  And does as she is bid;
But at anything like cricket
  She's no good at all;
You ought to see Jessica
  Try to throw a ball!

For people to take notice
  Of what she does or sees
And put it in a paper
  In *printing*, if you please . . .
I never heard such nonsense
  (She's only ten years old),
They don't know what they're doing,
  And I think they should be told.

She'll only get conceited;
  You know what youngsters are
(She couldn't tell the maker
  Of a single motor car).
And wouldn't it be awful
  If the chaps at school should see . . . ?
It's all very well for Jessica,
  But what about me?

SHOP WINDOWS

Mother likes the frocks and hats
And pretty stuffs and coloured mats.

Daddy never, never looks
At anything but pipes and books.

Auntie's fond of chains and rings
And all the sparkly diamond things.

Richard likes machines the best;
He doesn't care about the rest.

Nannie always loves to stop
In front of every single shop.

But I don't want to wait for a minute
Till we get to the one with the puppy dogs in it.

THE CHAIR-MEN

You know those men
Who walk about in the parks all day
Collecting pennies from everyone there
Who sits on a chair?
If now and then
They should want to sit
On a chair for a bit,
Do you suppose they would have to pay
Themselves for it?

THE WORKMEN ON THE SCAFFOLDINGS

The workmen on the scaffoldings
  Go running here and there,
And push at things and pull at things
  (I don't know how they dare).
But when they have their dinner hour,
  From twelve o'clock till one,
They stop their work and sit and eat
And watch the people in the street
  And have a little fun.

They always seem so pleasant;
  I'm sure they're very brave;
But Nannie says I mustn't smile
  And *certainly* not wave.
I think it is a pity;
  How jolly it would be
If they could nod and shout, "Hullo,"
To people walking down below,
  Or on a bus like me.

I DO THINK

I do think London is an interesting town;
Think of all the people walking up and down,
Think of all the motor cars and all the lovely shops,
And the staircase in the Underground that never, never stops.

Flowers on the pavements, men with funny toys,
Milkmen in the suburbs who make the queerest noise;
People up in aëroplanes writing on the sky,
And very splendid soldiers, proudly riding by.

Have you seen the fairy dancing on a ball,
And Cleopatra's Needle which isn't one at all?
And have you seen the big bears and fed them with a bun?
I *do* like London, I do think it's fun.

THE TOWER

The Tower of London's big and gray
And very, very far away.
I never thought a place could be
So full of splendid things to see,
So full of wonders everywhere . . .
But the Tower Bridge goes up in the air!

Suits of armour, rows and rows,
Spears and pistols, swords and bows,
And the room—I nearly cried—
Where the little Princes died,
Up a stony, winding stair. . . .
But the Tower Bridge goes up in the air!

Diamonds square and long and round,
Like the ones Aladdin found;
And all those things, in solid gold,
That Kings and Queens and Mayors hold,
With jewelled orders that they wear. . . .
But the Tower Bridge goes up in the air!

A Beefeater in black and red
(The queerest hat upon his head)
Who kindly told us all he knew
And where to go and what to do.
And, oh, the things that happened there. . . .
But the Tower Bridge goes up in the air!

THE YEAR ROUND

JANUARY

Bingo runs across the snow,
And when I look at him I know
(Although he had a bath last night)
That Bingo isn't really white.

FEBRUARY

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Bingo jumped upon my bed
(A thing he's not allowed to do)
And woke me up, and licked my nose
And sat there smiling on my toes
As if he really knew.

And Nannie had a valentine
With lovely roses and a heart,
A cord and tassels, green and red,
And writing round the edge that said—
"We twain will never part."

But I am Bingo's Valentine
And Bingo's mine.

MARCH

The lambs are jumping on the grass,
We laugh to see them as we pass;
And mustn't it be a very nice thing
To be a lamb and dance in spring!

APRIL

THE FIRST OF APRIL

I walked to town across the fields,
  The day was warm and clear;
I *know* I heard my mother call,
"The big umbrella's in the hall,
  And take your cloak, my dear;
The weather is not settled yet"—
I *know* I did not quite forget.

I took no heed; I looked about;
The sky was very blue;
I left my winter's coat behind,
My shoes were of a summer kind,
My pretty hat was new;
And long before I reached the town
The rain came pouring, pouring down.

And all my pretty clothes were spoilt
And soaking wet was I;
But when I reached my auntie's door
The sun was shining out once more
And shining was the sky.
And April must have laughed to see
The April Fool she'd made of me.

MAY

APPLE BLOSSOM

The petals in the orchard fall,
Bingo darts among them all,
And barks and snaps and runs about;
And yet he cannot make it out,
Why all these fluttering, dancing things
That seem to float on tiny wings
Drop to the ground at last, and then
Lie still and do not move again.

JUNE

I saw a little fairy
  Sitting on the grass;
She wore such pretty, flowery things;
Her tiny, shiny, pointed wings
  Were just like golden glass.

Bingo made a rush at her—
  Bingo is a dunce;
For in the twinkling of an eye
She turned into a butterfly
  And flew away at once.

JULY

COUNTRY LIFE

I do love chickens, and pigs are rather nice;
I've got a pair of rabbits in a hutch,
I never could be frightened of darling little mice,
But I don't care for turkeys very much.

I've ridden on a pony, I've driven home a cow,
All alone with Farmer Jones's niece;
I'm very, very friendly with the collie dog now—
But I can't say I'm very fond of geese.

AUGUST

In the lovely August weather
All of us go off together,
What a business, dearie me,
All together to the sea.
To the sands and ships and shells,
Lovely sounds and lovely smells.
Daddy wears his oldest coat,
Tony has a sailing boat.
No one's naughty, no one's sad—
Bingo—goes—mad.

SEPTEMBER

"Thirty days hath September,"
I always can remember.

That's the way the rhyme begins,
And so it's easy as two pins.

The rest I have to think about
Or say the little verse throughout;

But *anyone* can remember
The thirty days of September.

OCTOBER

The summer is over,
  The trees are all bare,
There is mist in the garden
  And frost in the air.
The meadows are empty
  And gathered the sheaves—
But isn't it lovely
  Kicking up leaves!

John from the garden
  Has taken the chairs;
It's dark in the evening
  And cold on the stairs.
Winter is coming
  And everyone grieves—
But isn't it lovely
  Kicking up leaves!

NOVEMBER

I saw the sun at ten o'clock,
  An orange-coloured ball;
But now the fog is white and high
And stretches up from earth to sky
  With no sun at all.

I hear the things go slowly by
  That mostly go so fast,
And though the roadway is not wide
I cannot see the other side
  Nor people going past.

Bingo sadly stands and stares,
  A rather puzzled dog;
We stop inside the house all day,
We cannot settle down to play—
  We don't like the fog.

DECEMBER

All the months go past,
  Each is like a guest;
December is the last,
  December is the best.

Each has lovely things,
  Each one is a friend,
But December brings
  Christmas at the end.

ABOUT BINGO

BINGO AND DADDY

Bingo's fond of lying
Stretched on Daddy's chest;
  When he's reading in his chair
  Bingo likes to settle there
To rest.

Daddy says, "You rascal,
Where will you be next?"
  But if he jumps on Mummy's knee
  Daddy's just a little wee
Bit vexed.

A PITY

Great-aunt Louisa
  Sometimes comes to tea;
One ought to like relations,
  And she always kisses me.
She wears a lot of golden rings
  And a velvet coat with fur,
But she doesn't like Bingo,
  So I *can't* like her.

BINGO HAS AN ENEMY

Bingo is kind and friendly,
A gentleman right to the core,
But he can't bear rats
And he hates all cats
And the fuzzy brown dog next door.

There's a nice little girl who lives there,
But they glare at us more and more;
So we never can call,
And the cause of it all
Is the fuzzy brown dog next door.

Bingo is limping a little
And one of his ears is sore,
He's rather a fright,
But, oh, what a sight
Is the fuzzy brown dog next door!

BINGO MAY DIE SOME DAY

When my darling Bingo dies
(But he's only seven)
He'll unclose his faithful eyes
In the dogs' heaven.

Such a happy, friendly place,
Not so very far
From the Land of Lovely Grace
Where the angels are.

With the other creatures there
Won't he have some fun?
Sleeping on his favourite chair
When their games are done.

When the angels come to call
(As they're sure to do)
They will bring a rubber ball
And a bone or two.

Talk to him in doggie talk,
Make a bit of fuss;
Take him for a jolly walk,
Give him news of us.

When at last they have to leave
And it's getting late,
He will quietly stand and grieve
By the marble gate.

He will watch them as they go
Down the starry track;
They will talk of him, I know,
All the way back.

ABOUT POOR DEARS AND OTHERS

POOR DEARS

If I were a hen
I should want now and then
  To rest for a space;
If I were a worm
I should wriggle and squirm
  In the secretest place.

If I were a rabbit
I'd make it a habit
  To lie very flat;
And if I were a mouse
I'd live in a house
  Where there wasn't a cat!

NANNIE'S MOTHER

Nannie's mother has a house
  Where I have been to tea,
And oh, in Nannie's mother's house
  Are heaps of things to see:

Lots and lots of photographs
  Hanging on the wall,
And Nannie in a pinafore,
  Very pale and small.

A funny cardboard weather-house,
  A sandglass trimmed with plaid,
And a model of the *Bonny Belle*—
  The boat her uncle had.

Shells upon the mantelpiece,
  That came from foreign climes,
And a clock that has a painted face
  And rather wheezy chimes.

A paper-weight of shiny glass
  With Margate showing through,
And Moses in the Bulrushes
  Worked in red and blue.

And we have buttered seedcake
And apricots for tea,
And Nannie's mother always is
Most good and kind to me.

THE NEW NEIGHBOUR

Have you had your tonsils out?
  Do you go to school?
Do you know that there are frogs
  Down by Willow Pool?

Are you good at cricket?
  Have you got a bat?
Do you know the proper way
  To feed a white rat?

Are there any apples
  On your apple tree?
Do you think your mother
  Will ask me in to tea?

ILL IN BED

I spilt
My medicine on the quilt.
Nannie said, "You careless child,"
Mummy only looked and smiled.
"It's very hard to be in bed,"
Mummy said.

THE NIGHT NURSERY CURTAINS

My bedroom curtains are long and wide;
They cover the window from side to side,
And all with a beautiful garden spread,
Which I can see as I lie in bed.

A beautiful garden with painted bowers,
Peacocks, fountains, and trees and flowers;
Trellised arbours where roses grow,
And golden bells that are hung below.

Sometimes the sun shines through so bright
That all the garden is filled with light,
And sometimes there comes a little soft breeze
Shaking the boughs of the blossoming trees.

And wouldn't it be the darlingest thing
If the golden bells all began to ring,
And suddenly, suddenly I should see
(Oh, do you think that it ever could be?)
There, where the roses are moving about,
The face of a fairy peeping out!

IF ONLY . . .

If only I'd some money,
I'd buy a jolly boat
And get a pair of sea boots
And a furry sort of coat,
A case or two of salted beef
And a seaman's wooden chest,
And I'd sail away to the North Pole,
Or I'd sail away to the South Pole,
Whichever I thought was best.

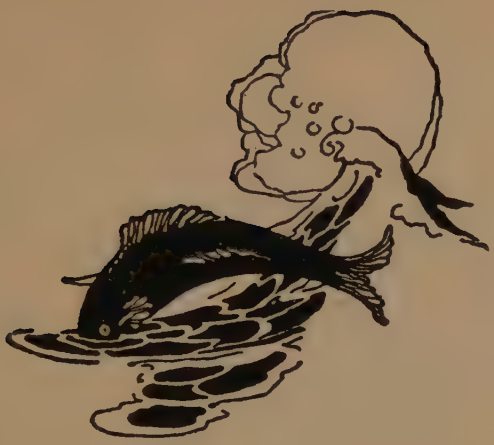
I'd get up very early—
They wouldn't see me go—
Jimmy would be with me
But no one else would know.
Dogs are very useful,
And I couldn't part with Jim,
And whether I went to the North Pole,
Or whether I went to the South Pole,
It would be all the same to him.

Perhaps we'd see a mountain
That no one else had seen;
Perhaps we'd find a country
Where no one else had been.
Suppose we climbed an iceberg
And saw the midnight sun! . . .
Oh, whether we went to the North Pole,
Or whether we went to the South Pole,
WOULDN'T it all be fun?

THE BARGE

I saw a great barge
  On the river to-day
All roomy and large,
  All painted and gay.
And only a boy
  And a dog were in charge . . .
Oh, think what a joy
  To look after a barge.

JESSICA GOES TRAVELLING



THE PORPOISE

Out of the sea a porpoise came,
Out of the sea for a racing game;
From wave to wave he went leaping along,
He looked so jolly and free and strong;
And think what a clever fish he must be
To have found our ship in this great big sea.

THE BOAT

Sleeping in a cabin is as jolly as can be,
And it's fun to throw your rubbish out straight into the sea;
And the captain is so handsome, with gold upon his coat,
And I do like living on a boat.

The steward gives me apples, and orange juice to drink,
And the lamps are lit at lunch time, all beautiful and pink;
And there's soup with little letters in, and lovely stripy ice,
And when the floor went wobbly it was nice.

We haven't seen a mermaid, we haven't had a wreck,
But I've never known a nursery so thrilling as a deck;
I never do a lesson, I never play a note . . .
I do like living on a boat.

THE DECK STEWARD

He's very thin and neat and brown;
He's always walking up and down;
He wraps up all the people's feet
And brings them tea and things to eat.

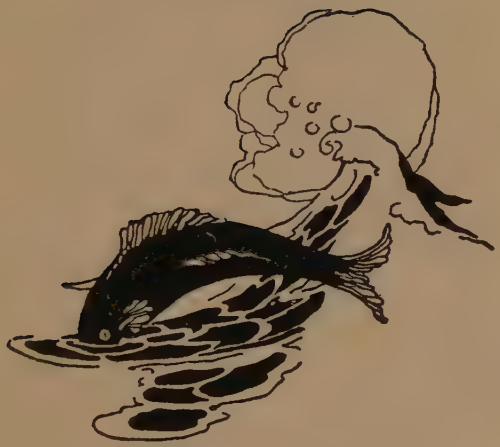
And when they throw their rugs about
He picks them up and shakes them out
And folds them into tidy squares
And puts them back upon their chairs.

And he arranges jolly games
And calls the sailors by their names;
He's never cross, he's never rude . . .
I wonder when he has his food.

THE GOLDEN ISLE

Far away against the sky
  Are pink and golden caves,
Where mermaids sing their songs, I know,
And lovely trees of coral grow
  Out of the shining waves.

Swiftly towards that golden place
  The ship goes hurrying on;
But the dark comes so fast, so fast,
And when we come to it at last
  The gold may all be gone.



BOSTON

Boston is a nice town
With trees along the street
And a garden in the middle
Where all the roads meet;
There are very pretty houses
With very pretty doors,
And you can see the river
From the upper floors.

The folk who live in Boston
Are pleasant and polite,
The little girls all curtsey
When they say, "Good-night";
They have darling painted china
And solemn painted clocks,
And pictures of their grandmothers
Dressed in satin frocks.

There's a splendid fairy palace
Where anyone can go,
All built about a courtyard
Where lovely flowers grow;
Everyone in Boston
Was very kind to me,
And I'd baked beans for breakfast
And ice cream for tea.

C. P. R.

We rumbled on, we rumbled on,
And soon the streets and towns were gone,
And there were miles of forest trees
And quiet hills and quiet seas,
With here and there a house of wood
Where sometimes waving children stood.
We rumbled on until at last
Even the lonely huts were passed;
Only the pine trees seemed to stare
And ask what we were doing there.
We had our dinner and our tea,
And there was just the dark to see,
And yet I knew on either side
The loneliness went stretching wide.
We went to sleep and woke again,
But nothing moved except the train.

WINNIPEG AT CHRISTMAS

In Winnipeg at Christmas
  There's lots and lots of snow,
Very clean and crisp and hard
And glittering like a Christmas card
  Everywhere you go;
Snow upon the housetops,
  Snow along the street,
And QUEEN VICTORIA in her chair
Has snow upon her stony hair
  And snow upon her feet.

In Winnipeg at Christmas
  They line the street with trees—
Christmas trees lit up at night
With little balls of coloured light
  As pretty as you please.
The people hurry past you
  In furry boots and wraps;
The sleighs are like a picture book
And all the big policemen look
  Like Teddy bears in caps.

And, oh! the smiling ladies
And jolly girls and boys;
And, oh! the parties and the fun,
With lovely things for everyone—
Books and sweets and toys.
So, if some day at Christmas
You don't know where to go,
Just pack your boxes up, I beg,
And start at once for Winnipeg;
You'd like it there, I know.

JESSICA IN NEW YORK

THE BUILDINGS

In New York City
The buildings are so high,
The people at the top of them
Are almost in the sky.
You wouldn't think that anything
Could ever be so tall—
I feel a bit afraid of them
Because I'm rather small.

But when the day is over
And everywhere is night,
They turn to giant fairyland,
Lit with fairy light.
You wouldn't think that anything
Could ever be so pretty
As the bright enchanted mountains
Of New York City.

ELEVATORS

Up and up and up we go,
  Higher and higher and higher;
Part of me feels a tiny bit queer;
And how would you like to live, my dear,
  At the top of a tall church spire?

Down and down and down we go,
  Oh, such a marvellous rate!
But when we get to the ground I find
Part of me seems to be left behind
  And lands a little bit late.

ICE

Ices for your dinner,
Ices for your tea,
Ices for your supper
(For everyone but me).

Ice in misty tumblers
Which all the people drink;
Ices at the chemist's;
White and brown and pink.

Ice inside your orange juice
(Orange juice is nice) . . .
I wonder if in Iceland
They have such lots of ice.

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